THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1809.

This world has, with great propriety, been compared to a stage, where most of the actors are performing some ridiculous fantastical capers to engross the attention of the gaping multitude: to be pointed at and talked of seem to be the strongest desires of the human heart: ---I was about to call it ambition, but that would be prostituting the meaning of the word. One man finds he has a pretty face:---to be celebrated as a beauty, to be called an Adonis is the darling wish of his heart; if he obtain this, he proudly flutters about, as though he had made himself. O that any man can feed his mind upon such stuff! If I ever do feel proud, let it at least be for some *acquirement* of my own. When the fop's hair is properly adjusted, his watch chain displayed with elegance, and the bows of his neckcloth exactly as they were yesterday, out he sallies into Broadway; and ever and anon he perches himself in some conspicuous place in a handsome attitude, and thinks he has a peculiar privilege to stare every modest woman out of countenance.

Another of these candidates for *fame* lives upon the applause of his *singing*:---thinks it the summit of all excellence; and is constantly telling you, that a man who has not a soul for music, is fit for murder, treason, &c. Some seek notoriety by telling smutty stories. Others from morning till night are making puns, which they employ in all companies, and often in the most far-fetched manner. This man sets up *deist*, vends his opinions any where and every where, at the risk of injuring society, and damning his own prospects of presperity here and hereafter:---would sooner be damned than not known at all. That man puts on a garb of religion that does not fit him, and moves in it as though it were a strait waistcoat, only that people may say, what a very pious man! but the cheat is soon detected by the really good and pious man, who feels 'the ways of wisdom ways of pleasantness, and all her paths peace." Others place their chief honour in the great number of gin slings or glasses of brandy and water which they can swallow without being drunk. This mania for *fame* is so strong that men under the gallows and at the block have snatched at

it. I have seen a man on the scaffold, ready for execution, smoke his pipe, laugh, and joke with the executioner; another dance, caper, and bow to the crowd; but

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays
Virtue *alone has majesty in death.*

AGAINST INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS,

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

As most of the uneasiness of the world arises rather from disappointed desires, than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless or unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably well understood and attended to; and though we may suffer inconveniencies, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve orange trees in the open air, through an English winter; or, when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity; and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find, in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable, as any in Newton's Principia. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved, than the force of affection or the influence of example. The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature, in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims on Providence. He never will be disappointed either in himself or others. He will act with precision; and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money, which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, chuse, reject; but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspicious temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals, which you brought with you from the schools, must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things;

and for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left.---'But I cannot submit to drudgery like this---I feel a spirit above it.' It is well: be above then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased---by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. 'But, says the man of letters, what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniencies of life!' *Et tibi magna satis!* Was it in order to raise a fortune, that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. 'What reward have I then for all my labours?' What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man---of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhautible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

'But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence, that such an one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?' Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, 'I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot: I am content and satisfied.'

You are a modest man---You love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper, which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality, make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. 'Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment.' And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from

remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

'*Pure in the last recesses of the mind;*'

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or....what you please.

'If these be motives weak, break off betimes;' and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples; but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected.

Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
hoc age deliciis----

If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus:----there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character, as consistency of conduct. Even if a man's pursuits be wrong and unjustifiable, yet if they are prosecuted with steadiness and vigour, we cannot withhold our admiration. The most characteristic mark of a great mind, is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion or inclination.

It must be confessed, that men of genius are of all others most inclined to make these unreasonable claims. As their relish for enjoyment is strong, their views large and comprehensive, and they feel themselves lifted above the common bulk of mankind, they are apt to slight that natural reward of praise and admiration, which is ever largely paid to distinguished abilities; and to expect to be called forth to public notice and favour: without considering that their talents are commonly unfit for active life; that their eccentricity and turn for speculation disqualify them for the business of the world, which is best carried on by men of moderate genius; and that society is not obliged to reward any one who is not useful to it. The poets have been a very unreasonable race, and have often complained loudly of the neglect of genius and the ingratitude of the age. The tender and pensive Cowley, and the elegant Shenstone, had their minds tinctured by this discontent; and even the sublime melancholy of Young was too much owing to the stings of disappointed ambition.

The moderation we have been endeavouring to inculcate, will likewise prevent much mortification and disgust in our commerce with mankind. As we ought not to wish in ourselves, so neither should we expect in our friends contrary qualifications. Young and sanguine, when we enter the world, and feel our affections drawn forth by any particular excellence in a character, we immediately give it credit for all others; and are beyond measure disgusted when we come to discover, as we soon must discover the defects in the other side of the balance. But nature is much more frugal than to heap together all manner of shining qualities in one glaring mass. Like a judicious painter, she endeavours to preserve a certain unity of style and

colouring in her pieces. Models of absolute perfection are only to be met with in romance ; where exquisite beauty and brilliant wit, and profound judgement, and immaculate virtue, are all blended together to adorn some favourite character. As an anatomist knows that the racer cannot have the strength and muscles of the draught horse; and that winged men, gryffons, and mermaids, must be mere creatures of the imagination; so the philosopher is sensible that there are combinations of the moral qualities, which never can take place but in idea. There is a different air and complexion in characters, as well as in faces, though perhaps each equally beautiful ; and the excellencies of one cannot be transferred to the other. Thus if one man possesses a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness of pity, or the partialities of friendship : you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you, after a short absence ; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another be remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, will probably have some little bluntness in his address, not altogether suitable to polished life; he will want the winning arts of conversation ; he will disgust by a kind of hautiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance, with harsh and disagreeable truths.

We usually say---that man is a genius, *but* he has some whims and oddities----such a one has a very general knowledge, *but* he is superficial; &c. Now, in all such cases we should speak more rationally did we substitute *therefore* for *but*. He is a genius, *therefore* he is whimsical ; and the like.

It is a fault of the present age, owing to the freer commerce that different ranks and professions now enjoy with each other, that characters are not marked with sufficient strength ; the several classes run too much into each other. We have fewer pedants, it is true, but we have fewer striking originals. Every one is expected to have such a tincture of general knowledge, as is incompatible with going deep into any science ; and such a conformity to fashionable manners, as checks the free workings of the ruling passion, and gives an insipid sameness to the face of society, under the idea of polish and regularity.

There is a cast of manners, peculiar and becoming to each age, sex, and profession ; one therefore should not throw out illiberal and common-place censures against another. Each is perfect in its kind. A woman, as a woman ; a tradesman, as a tradesman. We are often hurt by the brutality and sluggish conceptions of the vulgar ; not considering that some there must be to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and that cultivated genius, or even any great refinement and delicacy in their moral feelings, would be a real misfortune to them.

Let us then study the philosophy of the human mind. The man who is master of this sience, will know what to expect from every one. From this man, wise advice ; from that cordial sympathy ; from another, casual entertainment. The passions and inclinations of others are his tools, which he can use with as much precision as he would the mechanical powers ; and he can as readily make allowance for the working of vanity, or the bias of self-interest in his friends, as for the power of friction, or the irregularities of the needle.

ON DEATH.

- - - - - Death has nothing to a just soul, but what is pleasing and desirable: arrived at the happy moment, he, without regret, sees a world perish, which he had never loved, and which to him had never appeared otherwise than a confusion of vanities: his eyes close with pleasure on all those vain shows which the earth offers, which he had always regarded as the splendor of a moment, and whose dangerous illusions he had never ceased to dread: he feels, without uneasiness; what do I say? with satisfaction, that mortal body, which had been the subject of all his temptation, and the fatal source of all his weaknesses, become clothed with immortality: he regrets nothing on the earth, where he leaves nothing; and from whence his heart flies along with his soul: he even complains not that he is carried off in the middle of his career, and that his days are concluded in the flower of his age: on the contrary, he thanks his deliverer, for having abridged his sufferings with his years, for having exacted only a portion of his debt, as the price of his eternity, and for having speedily consummated his sacrifice, lest a longer residence in a corrupted world should have perverted his heart. His trials, his mortifications, which had cost so much to the weakness of the flesh, are then his sweetest reflections: he sees that all now vanish, except what he has done for God; that all now abandon him, his riches, relations, friends and dignities; his works alone remaining; and he is transported with joy, to think that he had never placed his trust in the favour of princes, in the children of men, in the vain hopes of fortune, in things which must soon perish, but in the Lord alone, who remaineth eternally, and in whose bosom he goes to experience that peace and tranquillity which mortals cannot bestow. Thus tranquil on the past, despising the present, transported to touch at last that futurity, the sole object of his desires, already seeing the bosom of Abraham open to receive him, and the Son of Man seated at the right hand of his Father, holding out for him the crown of immortality, he sleeps in the Lord, he is wafted by blessed spirits to the habitation of the holy, and returns to the place from whence he originally came.

Massillon's Sermons.

NEWS OF THE WEEK;

Extracted chiefly from "The Mercantile Adver tiser.

The British packet Prince Adolphus, from Falmouth (Eng.) arrived at this port on the 5th inst. and brings London papers to the 4th Feb. which state---That the British army in Spain had retreated to Corunna, where they had a very desperate battle with the French, in which the commander in chief, Gen. Moore was killed, and Sir David Baird wounded, having lost an arm. That all the British troops that could get on board the transports at Corunna, had arrived in England, and that from eight to ten thousand men were stated to be missing, & only three hundred horses saved out of about 5000.---That the Emperor Bonaparte had returned to Paris, being fearful that the Emperor of Austria was going to declare war against him. That king Joseph had been defeated by the Spaniards and driven from Madrid, but had returned there again.---That the Spaniards were concentrating all their forces in the southern part of Spain, and if defeated by

the French, would retire to Cadiz, from whence it was supposed they would embark for South America. The British had recently sent 10,000 troops to Spain, and 30,000 more were preparing to go.

A London paper states, that Mr. Oakley has sailed for the United States, with dispatches to Mr. Erskine, containing offers to rescind the orders in council, provided the United States would enter into certain commercial regulations.

The Manchester packet has arrived at Falmouth, in 24 days from New-York.

In the British House of Lords on the 17th February, a motion was made by Lord Grenville for repealing the Orders in Council, which he said had been at least one of the causes of the American Embargo; and praying his majesty to adopt without delay such measures as may best tend to the re-establishment of the commercial intercourse between his majesty's dominions and the United States of America; and to bring by temperate and conciliatory negociation all other points of difference to a just and amicable conclusion. His motion was lost, 70 to 115. The following is exracted from his speech on the occasion.

- - - Sorry he was, that his majesty's government should have persisted in a system, which he had no hesitation in saying, was a direct violation of the Laws of Nations, a flagrant infringement of the eternal principles of justice, Such is the light in which he had all along considered that system: but when he found it persevered in after the proposal of the American Government in August last, he must now, moreover, designate it as an act of egregious folly, the result of the most unexampled ignorance. In August last, America proposed to you to repeal or suspend her embargo, as far as it affected British commerce, if you would rescind your orders in Council as far as they affected the commerce of America. That proposition you have rejected, and by rejecing it, you incur the odium and the blame of being the cause of the embargo, and of the continuance of all the evils consequent upon that measure. All that has been argued on this question, and all he had advanced respecting it at different times, it was by no means his intention now to repeat. He should confine himself simply to the statement of two questions, viz. was it just, politic, and wise, to refuse the offer made by America in August last, and thereby prolong the existence of the evils that must arise from the present state of our relations with America? Or is it prudent now to revise that fatal determination, and return to sounder counsels and less hazardous measures? By the unjust and shameful procedure we had adopted we put a stop to the neutrality of Europe, we enabled the enemy more effectually to exclude our commerce from the Continent, than perhaps he ever imagined he should be able to effect; but America still remained, and opened to us in another quarter of the globe, a mart for all our commodities, a supply of all the materials of our industry, from which the enemy, with all his immense power on the Continent of Europe, had no means of debarring us. Yet instead of softening and smoothing down every difference that arose between the two countries, instead of pursuing a policy that must have attached America to our alliance and our interests, we have done every thing to inflame and exasperate her, every thing to estrange her affections, and indispose us towards her interest. Such is the direct tendency of the policy which his Majesty's present Ministers seem resolved to pursue.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

By T. Campbell.

O thou, by whose expressing art,
Her perfect image, Nature sees,
In union with the graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please.

In whose creative hand the hues,
Stol'n from yon airy rainbow, shine;
I bless thy Promethian muse,
And call thee fairest of the nine!

Possessing more than vocal pow'r!
Persuasive more than poet's tongue!
Whose lineage in a raptur'd hour,*
From love, the sire of nature, sprung!

Does hope her high professions meet?
Its joy triumphant? Sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own!

But ah, thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing cold, I feel thee part;
Love's absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy! to light
On mem'ry's sad and wakeful eye;
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deepest agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll?
Ye now the tenderest air repeat,
That breath'd when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm, to melt!
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near;
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt!
Oh, cease that transport too severe!

But thou, severely silent art,
By heav'n and love was taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost of that possest:
For me, thou sweet memorial, shine;
While close and closer to my breast
I hold the idol all divine;

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
Mild o'er the lov'd departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears,
With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks...she lives...this tranced hour,
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of pow'r,
Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, genius, yes, thy mimic aid
A treasure to my soul has giv'n,
Where beauty's canonized shade,
Smiles in the sainted hues of heav'n.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy soft'ning, sweetning tints restore;
For thou can'st give us back the dead,
Ev'n in the loveliest look they wore.

Then blest be nature's guardian muse,
Whose hand her perish'd grace redeems;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
The mirror of creation seems.

* Alluding to the supposed origin of painting, from a Corinthian female sketching the shadow of her lover's profile, as he lay asleep.

OLD AGE.

Youth and manhood---what are they!
But life and labour thrown away;
But when old age, with thoughtful brow,
Looks down upon the vale below,
Where giddy crowds in pleasure lost,
By cares harrass'd, by sorrows cross'd ---
And ever with themselves at strife,
Make up the motley group of life,
With calmness we can view the scene,
And ponder what ourselves have been.
Tho' vanish'd all the poet's fire,
With trembling hands we strike the lyre---
Address to youth the moral lay,
Not harshly stern, nor idly gay,
And wait, resigned, life's closing day.

MARRIED---

On Wednesday evening last, by the reverend Dr Livingston, Mr. Simeon Van Arsdale Brower, to Miss Helen Johnson.

On Tuesday evening last, by the reverend Mr. Cooper, James A. Melvin, to Miss Sarah Burras.

On Saturday evening last, at Sandy-Hook, by the rev. Mr. Moore, Lieutenant James Renshaw, of the U. States navy, to Miss Maria Schenck, daughter of Mr. Wm. P. Schenck, of that place.

On Monday last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, John Montgomery, esq. representative in Congress, from the state of Maryland, to Miss Maria Nicholson, of this city.

At Washington, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. by the rev. Mr. Addison, John F. Cox, esq. of this city, to Miss Eliza R. Lansdale, daughter of the late Maj. Thomas Lansdale, of Prince George's.

On the 30th ult. by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Richard D. Brower, merchant, to Miss Eliza Archer.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Francis Dubuar, to Miss Mary Wandell.

On same evening, Mr. Richard Terheun, merchant, to Miss Eliza Kinnan.

BILL OF MORTALITY,

from the 26th March till the 2d April.

	years old.		years.
John Currie	aged 66	Susannah Connor	45
William Wilson	35	Ann Trip	36
James Kane	35	Jacob Harris	21
Jacob Hendrickson	30	Mrs. Bumster	58
Jacinth Dacavado	36	Thomas Dubois	78
Elias Brevoort	38	Mary Hathorn	27
Hannah Tabele	69	Catharine Hughes	37
Samuel Webb	33	Duncan M'Clure	1
W. Crolius's child	4	Maria Miller	3
Mary Nutmary	2	Rosian Sullivan	2
Joseph Paulis	2	Charles Mills	1 1-2
Eliza Tate	4 months	J. Srepp's child	1 mo.
Emma Whitehead	1 d.	Stephen Holmes	5 do.
Jane Hockenburgh	2 do.	S. A. Lawrence	7 do.
Henry Hubbel	2 do.	James Castang	4 do.
Peter Riker	8 do.	W. Lake's child	8 do.

Essex W. Barnett 7 days.
Two men and 1 woman, particulars unknown.

The piece signed A. M. G. bears marks of genius, but is not sufficiently polished for the press.

Printed by W. Elliot, corner of Wall and William-sts! where papers may be had from 7 o'clock till 10 every Sunday morning.

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